TALK OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lawrence, of Australia.

The wedding of Mr. Frederick J. Kuhne and Miss Margaret F. Bloodgood will take place next Wednesday afternoon at Trinity Church, Elizabeth, N. J.

Mr. J. W. Alexander, who has just returned from his wedding journey, will give Saturday receptions at his studio in the Church and Miss Helen Chelsea, on Twenty-third street. Randelph Smith Wedded at the Church of the Hely Trinity-Mr. Schultz and Miss Reed, Mr. Davis and Miss Jacobs o Be Married at 8 O'Cleck this Evening.



OOD weather has been a pleasant feature of most of the recent society events. Indeed, better weather for weddings, receptions and balls could hardly be wished. The three weddings to-day are highly favored with pleasant weather. The marriage of Mr. Louis H. Schultz, son

of Mr. Jackson S. Schultz, and Miss Mary Clark Reed will take place this evening at 8 o'clock, at the Church of the Puritans, One Hundred and Thirtieth street, near Fifth avenue. The Rev. Edward Clark will officiate. Mr. Frank Reed will be the best man. Mr. McKinny and Mr. Andrew McKinny, cousins of the bride, Mr. Ackerman and Mr. Thomas will be the ushers. There will be no bridesmaids. The bride's father will give her away. The reception after the wedding will be at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reed, of 230 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street. The guests will include the Rev. John Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Percival, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Palan, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, the Misses Baxter, Miss Schultz, Miss Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. El-

Miss Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner and Miss Skinner.

The marriage of the Rev. S. Halsted Wat-kins and Miss Helen Randolph Smith, daughter of Mrs. R. C. M. Page, of 31 West Thirty-third street, was celebrated to-day at high noon at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Medison, asympa, and Essty seed of the Science of the Holy Trinity,

ton, Miss McKinny, Miss Margaret A. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. McRoy,

Thirty-third street, was celebrated to-day at high noon at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Madison avenue and Forty-second street. The brother of the groom, the Rev. Wilburaf. Watkins, jr., was the best man, and Miss Middred Nelson Page was the maid of honor. Mr. T. Coke Watkins, brother of the groom; Mr. J. Noah H. Slee, Mr. Alexander Richards and Mr. Harry Halsted were the ushers. The church was decorated by Klunder.

The marriage of Mr. Lewis S. Davis and Miss Kate Jacobs, daughter of Mr. Henry H. Jacobs, will take place this evening at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, 123 East Forty-sixth street. Dr. De Solamendes, Mr. William Wolff, Mr. John J. Kant. Mr. M. S. Friede and Mr. Edgar Davis will be the ushers. The bride will wear a gown of white French faille, with train, and draperies of point lace caught with orange blossoms. She will wear a tulle veil, and will carry white roses. The diamond ornaments worn are presents from the groom. Miss Esther Jacobs and Miss Clara Jacobs will be the bridesmaids. They will wear pale blue silk with over draperies of tulle and V corsages. They will carry La France roses, Among the guests expected are Mr. Henry Gillig, Prof. Austin, Mr. Melville Smith, Mr. Henry Irving, Dr. McCosh, Mr. and Mrs. James Seligman, Dr. and Mrs. Aronson, Mr. Alexander Marcus, Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Wornser, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Parks, Mr. and Mrs. James Seligman, Dr. and Mrs. A. Joseph, Mr. Jerome Besthoff, Mr. Charles Besthoff, Mr. Jerome Besthoff, Mr. Charles E. Taylor and Miss Ellen P. Campbell, niece of Mrs. Beeckman de Peyster, and of Mr. Hubert A. Sherman and Miss Anna White, eldest daughter of John Eaton White, will take place next Tuesday.

Mr. Mark P. M. Peirotto and Miss Kather-

nesday. Mr. Mark P. M. Peixotto and Miss Kather-

day.
The young ladies of All Angels' Episcopal Church, at Eighty-first street and West End avenue, will give "a tea" at half-past seven this evening in the parlors adjoining the

this evening in the parlors adjoining the church.

A reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Howserd H. Henry, née Strong, will be given on Tuesday, Nov. 29, by Mrs. J. J. Henry, of 14 East Tenth street.

The Authors' Club holds its regular fortnightly reunion at its rooms, 19 West Twenty-fourth street, this evening.

Mrs. Wilcox, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wilcox have returned to their home on West Fifty-seventh street after a summer's travel on the Continent.

The members of the Arlington League Club will give a dinner this evening at Mazzetti's. Covers will be laid for 100 guests.

The Ark Club will give a dinner to-morrow evening at Pinard's. It will be the first for this season.

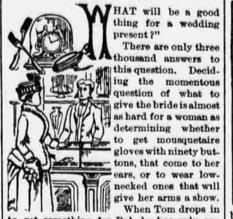
for this season.

The Princeton College Club will give its annual dinner this evening at the Hotel Brunswick.

The first meeting for this season of the Nineteenth Century Club will be held to morrow evening at the art galleries, 6 East Twenty-third street. Mrs. E. L. Lawrence, of 54 East Sixty-

PRESENTS FOR BRIDE AND GROOM.

some Useful and Ornamental Articles For present ?"



to get something for Bob he has only one idea or two on the subject, floating drearily around in a sea of ignorance. The idea is generally a dressing-case or a drinking-flask, or a cigarette-holder, or some other tremendously useful household utensil. They the suave man behind the show-case slaughters the idea in its innocent youthfulness. "Now a claret-jug or a champagne-cooler might meet your views better," he says. The tailor-made young man is so flattered by the thought of furnishing a view large enough to be met that he orders a neat cooler for Pommery see. It is in repousse silver, lined with gold, really very neat.

If the father of the bride or the groom is wealthy his wedding present is generally looked for in the shape of a six-figured check, or a handsome, thoroughly furnished house. Both are very suitable wedding presents. The groom's own present to the bride is, where wealth permits, some costly jewelry. A rivière of diamonds, a collar of rich pearls, superb solitaire earrings, or anything comparable to these is in order. generally a dressing-case or a drinking-flask,

A riviere of diamonds, a collar of rich pearls, superb solitaire earrings, or anything comparable to these is in order.

Another tax on the rich groom at a swell wedding is to furnish some handsome present to the bridesmaids or ushers. This has not been adopted yet as a regular thing in New York, but in England it is as much a matter of course as signing the marriage register. of course as signing the marriage register. This present is a handsome brooch or fan, and often the monogram of the groom in jewels is wrought into the design. This is an expensive item.

Generally the most sensible, as well as the

series is wrought into the design. This is an expensive item.

Generally the most sensible, as well as the most elegant presents, are in the matter of plate or table service. There are at least one hundred and fifteen different objects that can suit, adorn or encumber a dinner-table. Some of them even the most covetous or most æsthetic souls could do without all their lives and not feel a pang.

If one wishes to give an elegant and at the same time serviceable wedding present, a china service is always acceptable. Some people like to give a present that will be looked at by the recipient. Possibly this may lead to the selection of a bevelled French plate-glass mirror, with a frame of oxidized or frosted silver. The bride will certainly look at that often enough.

The trouble with wedding presents is that the more useful articles which suggest themselves readily are not golden for that very reason. So a rather unnecessary, though elegant, object is decided on. A young couple who received hundreds of presents hadn't a silver fork or knife among them, while five grape seissors, four of them of the same identical pattern, figured among the gifts.

A favorite offering is an elegant clock. Handsomely wrought brass sconces, candelabra, gas fixtures and the like, are very popular. So, too, are bronzes. A really artistic bronze is as good as anything in the way of a purely ornamental character. A thoroughly equipped dressing-case in rich leather and with the articles made of oxidized silver or carved ivory is a good thing to give the groom. Fine linen is always welcome.

Emerson says that the most appropriate and acceptable present is one which is the product of one's own skill. A painter or sculptor can not do better than to bestows handsome canvas or bust. Whether a poet should give a sonnet or a musician a sonata depends considerably on the donor's reputation as a poet or a composer.

Drear November. [Prom the Duluth Paresgraph.]
The days grow short, the nights grow long,
The snow king sends his flake.
No more we hear the wood thrush sing,
Nor picnic on the lake.

Riker's Perfumes.

Triple extracts, toilet extracts, colognes, sachet powder, &c., are the BEST in the WORLD. Every one who has used them will tell you the same. Lubin's, Atkinson's, Condrays, &c., don't sand achance with Rikel's. There is no comparison between the control of the comparison of the control of the contr

to THE WORLD office from housekeepers who have been experimenting with the re-ceipts given for fur-nishing a good dinner for four people at the astonishingly moder-TOU!

CITY INTERESTED IN 1T.

Give Pigures with Their Experiences— The Average Expense for the Week in Even Less than the Estimated Cost—What

ate cost of \$1. It seems to be the most popular feature of the most popular evening paper in the city. To print all the letters of advice, commendation and sometimes complaint received would seems to be the most

plaint received would be to exclude everything else. The letters of advice come from women who think they can provide a better bill of fare at a small cost than the accomplished chef who supplies THE WORLD, with several years' experience at a leading hotel at his back. The letters of complaint have so far come from two sources: First, people who imagined that they could go to any first-class restaurant and order four portions of everthing mentioned in The Woald's bill of fare and get away with \$1 cost, including a tip to the waiter. This is ridicu-

of fare and get away with \$1 cost, including a tip to the waiter. This is ridiculous, The "dollar dinner for four" is not intended for the unfortunate people compelled to feed altogether in restaurants, and who must necessarily pay for a great many things besides the actual cost of the food they consume. Nor does it take a person accustomed to patronizing good restaurants long to find out that one portion is usually sufficient for two people, and that to order more than three portions for four people is simply waste. But The World's bill of fare has nothing to do with restaurant prices. It is prepared for thrifty housewives who like to greet their husbands with a good, substantial dinner when his day's work is done, but are compelled to practice close domestic economy. Read this letter:

To the Education of the World:

I have been trying your "dollar dinners for

close domestic economy. Read this letter:

**To the Edutor of the World:
I have been trying your '-dollar dinners for four.'' Some days they come to a few cents under and some to a few cents more than \$1. Last Saturday it was exactly \$1. You don't know how much you take off of the housewife's mind by furnishing her with a bill of fare for dinner. Now, Saturday's dinner was as good as any one would want, and it's hard to believe that it cost so little. But here is just what I paid: Beef for broth
One pound of smelts
Leg of mutton for roast.

Total Total.

I did not put down cheese, because none of us are for it. Please keep up the bill of fare.

MRS. J. W.

The World has received many letters from housekeepers who found that the material for a single day's dinner cost them more than \$1, because they could not buy in sufficiently small quantities to come within the expenditure. Of course not. But take the average cost of the six dinners printed during the wark and it will often he less than \$1. cost of the six dinners printed during the week and it will often be less than \$1. Coffee, cheese or flour purchased on Monday may increase the expenditure for that day, because it is hardly possible, and certainly not economical, to purchase only a sufficient quantity for Monday's use; but if there is enough for Tuesday and Wednesday the outlay for those days is much less than it was on Monday. Here is a letter from a house-wife who has found that out:

wife who has found that out:

Fo the Editor of The World:
I have been experimenting with your dinners for four for a dollar ever since you began publishing them. Sometimes the material cost me \$1.25. The next day I found it necessary to spend but so cents. For two weeks now I have kept a memorandum of my dinner expenditures, and the exact cost for fourteen days was \$13. On Sundays I simply repeated some bill of fare presented during the week. Each day we had an enjoyable dinner, ample for my husband, myself, a little son and a niece who lives with us. Furthermore, the novel excitement of the experiment has diverted my mind from the proverbial drudgery of 'ocoking.' Mrs. R. M. R.

"cooking."

New York, Nov. 1a.

The chef who prepares the bills of fare printed in The World bases them on the actual cost of the material mentioned at current market prices. He is a man who is in a position to know, and does know, what he is writing about. Take, for instance, his menu for to-day:

Fish. Boiled Halibut. Auchovy Beef. Chicory Salad, Mashed Potato, DESSERT. Custard Ple. Coffee. Grapes.

At to-day's market prices for the best arti-

THRIFTY HOUSEKEEPERS ALL OVER THE

"Ah, the time was when we had a nice "Ah, the time was when we had a nice joint, with turnips, corn and cabbage," he wailed, as he took the simple refreshment. "I could not eat it now: this is best for me. But I like to see a good dinner, for all that." Ada sighed, but did not answer. She partook very sparingly of the meal, and when it was over and the dishes washed, she prepared to go out.

was over and the dishes washed, she prepared to go out.

"You are going to walk out," said Elwood, querulously. "The streets are full of rough people at holiday times. If you will wait till to-morrow, I will go with you."

"To-morrow is Christmas, father, and I must take home my work this afternoon."
She took her parcel and hurried out. Mr. Jenks, the overseer of the establishment where she had obtained the work, had promised payment when the dozen shirts should be finished. There was nothing in the house for supper, and she must obtain money.
She had to wait more than an hour before Jenks had leisure to attend to her. Then he gruffly told her he was busy, and she might leave the work and call the day after to-morrow.

Timidly the poor girl pleaded her great

morrow.
Timidly the poor girl pleaded her great

SURELY IT CANNOT BE JEALOUSY.

Föreign Painters. An old artist and a friend went to see the Catharine L. Wolfe collection of paintthgs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art yesterday. The old artist had schieved fame years and years ago, and yet he felt no envy or jealousy towards the illustrious foreigners whose works filled four sides of the Wolfe

Art Students' Criticisms of Illustrious

said, "because I see so many beautiful pic-tures that I in my own poor way can never, never hope to equal. That is not all my fault, for I am sure that I would have made a good artist had I started right. When I was young I had to struggle hard to make a living, and I could afford neither the time nor the money to study under the great masters of the world. Say what you may about sett-taught genius and all that sort of thing, it is instruction that makes the artist."

"Good, wholesome criticism is necessary, too," said his friend.

too," said his friend.
"To be sure," returned the old artist.
"Now, that reminds me, as the story-tellers say. It is enough to make these illustrious gentlemen weary of turning over in their graves to hear what some people say about their works. Now, we'll stop looking at the pictures awhile to hear what the visitors are."

pictures awhile to hear what the visitors say."

The old artist and his friend sauntered up to a group of young men who were looking at one of Bouguereau's pictures.

"Oh, it's bang up, I know, but I can't see it," said one of the young men. "He's got his name up, that's all. The whole left side is out of drawing, and as for color, a kalsominer could have done as well."

"Yes," said another, "and the execution is frightful. It's foreshortened, don't you see, and the perspective looks as though it had been done with a foot-rule and a hoe."

"Poor Bouguereau!" sighed the artist.

The young men stopped before a Corot,
"Oh, come along," said one of them;
"don't stop at that daub. Corot tacked a piece of canyas on the wall and threw paint on it from a shovel."

"What a set of fools," said the artist's friend.

"What a set of fools," said the artist's friend.

"You do them injustice," explained the old artist. "They are critics—the severest critics in the world. In a word, they are art students. At an art gallery in this city the visits of the students were curtailed to one day in each week, as the freely given criticisms materially injured the sale of the pictures. No critic is so severe as the art student. The younger the student the severer the criticism. I have suffered, and I know."

The long lace-pin is to be superseded by pins of various designs that are more round than long.

A large godden pansy has a diamond centre and four heavy limbs of etruscan gold overlapping each other make a pretty pin.

A very pretty pin is a silver sickle, on which rest two four-leaf clovers in gold. Another pattern for inck is two four-leaf clovers surrounded by a golden ring. A spray of tiny gold daisies has a diamond in the centre of each and for the superstitious there is a horseshoe in dainty daisies of white enamel.

[From the St. Joseph (Mo.) News, The following conversation, heard by a reporter

on the street last night, is suggestive: Are you still tugging away at those glove

"Yes, dear."
"Yes, dear."
"You know it disgusts me to see you walking through the streets making your toilet."
"Does it, dear?"
"Why, do you know that I would just as soon see you pulling on your—stockings in the streets as your gloves?"
"Most men would," was all she said, and he had nothing else to as.

MAMO GREES MUDSAPORE ACTORS. A Craze Among New York Belles Which Does Not Die Out.

[Washington Post's New York Letter.]

To a Broadway store, well known as a rendez-yous for collectors of theatrical photographs, came six young girls the other afternoon. They were all in the neighborhood of sixteen years old, all slender and about of a height, all dark-haired, with the standard American brown, all well that piquant sort of chic which, rather than posttive beauty, ranks a girl's attractions in New York newadays. They were all vivacious and two of them carried boxes with a confectioner's mark outside. They all wore tailor gowns, one in dark brown, two in green, one in black and two in dark blue. They all wore singly fitting tailor cours briaded a la militariv. Their hats were of different shapes and materials, but each was adorned with a bunch of black cock's plumes. They all wore tiny lace veils, and three of them had small flower caarings sere wed into their cars. They all wore they lace veils, and three of their cars. They all had broad stitching on the backs of their gloves. Three of them had embroidered handker-chiefs in their bands, and three had antique silver seem bottles hanging from a button of the coat by a short sliver chain. They all wore long, slender French boots with high heels. They did not look a particle alike, but they were on familiar castling terms with one another, and one familiar with the city could identify them as all from the swell, uplown, beyond Forty-saventh street region. They all had clear complexions, three had some red in their cheeks, they all had bright eyes and short, controlled bangs, and they were all having a good time.

They were all at the photographer's on the tive beauty, ranks a girl's attractions in New York time.

They were all at the photographer's on the

They were all at the photographer's on the same errand. They all wanted pletures of Kyrle Bellew. They looked at the solemn but poetle countenance in something like fifty poses. They were not after cheap photographs. They confined their attention to the large \$2 or \$3 panel pictures that one can worship in one's bouddir. They wanted beliew in every suit he ever wore, in every play he ever acted in, in as many postures as he could conveniently assume. They oegged the photographer to ransack his boxes. They revelled in Bellew lying on a rag before the fire. Beliew as the soulptor in his new play with Mrs. Potter they thought was just too sweet for anything. They objected to this picture because something alled Bellew's collar and to that one because there was a wrinkle in his coat. They adored Bellew, and they bought pictures enough apiece to lay out something like \$50 in the sum total, all of wnich was very nice for the photographer. Beliew never equalled Montague as a lady-killer, and his popularity threatened to fall off at the end of lask season, but he seems to be establishing himself in feminine favor again. There are not many actors whose pictures sell like that among women. Robert Hilliard, Herbert Kelcey, Mantell, Maurice Barrymore and E. H. Sothern go, however, very well. Women buy Irving's portrait to some extent, but not to equal the beauty men.

How They Used to Torture Prisoners in

[From the Munchester Courier.]
The stone torture was usually the first cruelty practised upon a prisoner. He was forced to prostrate himself, face downward, upon the spexes of five triangular-shaped blocks of hard wood, the front of his legs being exposed to the wood, the front of his legs being exposed to the sharp edges. While securely held in this position heavy stones were placed on the victim's thighs, and others were slowly added, to increase the terrible weight, until he became unconscious or signified his intention to confess.

The box torture was a still more atrocious con-trivance. Bound hand and fool, the culprit was forced into a strong box about two feet square, having a covering made to fit the inside and

forced into a sirong oox about two lest square, having a covering made to fit the inside and capable of being lowered or raised at will. Heavy weights were placed upon it, and as these were increased in number, depressing the lid, the poor wretch within the box was slowly crushed to death.

wreich within the box was allowly crushed to death.

In using the water torture it was believed that the forment of thirst would induce a prisoner to confess his guilt. After several days' subsistence on a sait diet, without rice and water, the accused was shut in a room where he could see and heir the dropping of water on all sides, but out of his reach. The cravings and sufferings became fearful under the agony, often approaching the bounds of insanity. f insanity. Deprivation of sleep was effected by placing the

Deprivation of sleep was effected by picking the criminal upon a bed, or mat, over which a small stream of water was continually flowing. Attendants were in readiness, and at the slightest indication of slumber they would rouse their victim by ringing bells, beating drums, or the application of ire to his body. The treatment rendered sleep impossible; the poor wretch's mind became disordered under the torture and oftentimes left him a raying maniac.

Historian Bancroft's Great Library. [From a Washington Letter.]
The largest private library in Washington is

lancroft's, and it is by all odds the most valuable. It contains over twelve thousand volumes, and Sancroft has another library at Newport. It takes four large rooms to hold his Washington library, and the walls of these rooms are lined with cases. They have no covering of either glass or curtain, and on many of the shelves the books are two rows deep. Among them are many rare and curious volumes. He has a copy of bon Juan which Byron gave him with an autographic presentation in it, and he has autograph letters full of matter and historical interest from the leading statesmen of the country. He has fine ongravings, and he has copies in manuscript volumes of the secret records of France and England relating to this country. These cost a mint of money, and Bancroft was aided in getting them by the governments of the two countries. His books contain volumes of all languages, and his history has been translated into several different tongues. He sleeps in his library and has a little table beside his bed with two wax candles upon it. There is paper and pen and ink upon this, and if a thought strikes him at night herises and jots it down. He continues to buy books and his library is circady so valuable that an attempt will probably be made to obtain it for the four large rooms to hold his Washington library, and his library is already so valuable that an at-tempt will probably be made to obtain it for the Government at his death.

A Stage Star Obscured in Brooklyn.

There is in Brooklyn a young society woman who wants to go upon the stage, but who, up to this time, has not been able to get a position as a star. she has youth and beauty of no uncommon kind. and money enough to buy an outfit from Worth. Having paralyzed her own particular set by acting in "Ten Barrooms in One Night," and similar other classics, she is assured of her own sentus for the staye, and sighs, like Alexander of old, for

ferior role. In ner estimation the way to build temple is to put the roof on before the foundati is laid. There are several more of her not far fro Brooklyn, either.

A Peep at Hell's Half Acre.

rurs. Never Tonic. I first took it moved by the account of a coolers, and so the room of the same in a coolers, and so the room of the same in a coolers, and so the room of the rettled my nervous system, that I commonsed using in my practice. I have been in active practices ever filly years, and am composited to say that, for producin patural, refreshing sleep, I have never seen the equal of Dr. Oreene's Nervan Newe Tonic.

B. G. WHEELER, M. D., Middlefield, Mass.

[Fellowstone Letter to Battimore American.] We were now in the region of wonders, for when R. G. WHEELER, M. D., Middlefield, Mass.
Dr. Greene's Nervara Nerve Tenic is a perfect specific and absolutely sure cure for sleeplessness, wakefulness, restlessness, nervousness, and physical and nervous subaution. It soothes, calms and quiets the weakened, irritated and over-excited nerves, producing perfect resposs and refreehing, natural sleep; at the same time is imparts renewed life, strangth, vitality and vigor to the nervous system, and restores the physical energies and powers to perfect health and strength. It is purely regetable, and therefore perfectly harmless; it may be given to restless and nervous children or the most dalicate invalid with assurance of cure. warmed by the bright rays of the sun, the whole country seemed to be sending up columns of steam from hundreds of warm springs. Our driver forewarned us that the air was too cool to see the Half Acre at its best, for the steam was so dense as to hide the pool from view. After a short drive we came to the white and barren formation that surrounded a half-dozen or more enormous boiling springs. A few dead trees here and there were evidence that the formation of geyserite had been growing outward from year to year, and had finally caught up with and destroyed these stragglers from the forest. A walk of a hundred yards of so brought up with and destroyed these stragglers from the forest. A walk of a hundred yards of so brought us to the brink of the dist of these boiling lakes. The steam, as our driver had predicted, was so dense that we could see very little; but I will describe it as we saw it a day or two later, on our return from Upper Geyser basin. The Half Acre is the name applied to one of the boiling lakes, whose waters, like a great cauldron, are ever boiling and bubbling, and giving off dense volumes of steam. In its middle, a column of ten feet in diameter is thrown into the air to a height of diffeen feet at short intervals, and about its sides, from time to time, since the discovery of the park, pieces of the formation, which here appears to be about eight feet in thickness, have tumbed in. It would be impossible to ascertain the cepth of this natural cauldron, but the water is as clear as crystal, and when the vision is not obscured by the steam, one can look down in its blue depths and see the rocks far, far below. On one side a stream as large as an ordinary country mill race flows out and folls, a boiling cascade, into the Fire Hole River. Some of the most wonderful effects of color are produced by the sum shining through these clouds of steam upon the finted sulphur formations in the bottoms of these lakes. country seemed to be sending up columns of steam from hundreds of warm springs. Our driver fore-PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE. Dr. Oreene, the proprietor of this great and valuable remedy, is the well-known lecturer and eminent physi-cian in the treatment and cure of nervous and chronic diseases, who gives consultation free to all sufferers from diseases, at his office, 35 West 14th at. New York. Dr. Greene's book, "Nervous Diseases, How to Our Them," mailed free. TH AVE. THEATRE.

From the Address of the Art of the State of the Stat

[J. M. Howie in the Numbereth Century.]
For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday the
best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themseives. A Spanish merchant in Bercelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on tollsome mountains. One of the hardest worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed.

Barber Wick's Novel Challenge. [From the Sporting L(fe.] Shaving matches are the latest fads in the field

of sport. Teddy Wick, of London, who won a ager of \$75 that he would shave fifty persons in sixty minutes, has issued a challenge to all barbers competitors for the championship shall begin by cutting and dressing the hair of a dozen people, then shave twenty; after that they shall have their eyes bandaged and shave six other men blindfold; then they shall have one hand tied on their back and shave six more people with the other hand left free. He who finishes all the operations first will be declared champion, have a medal and \$600. The Driving Watch a New "Fad."

(From the Philadelphia Ners.)
The latest fad, and one which has caught on universally, is the driving watch. A leather band of the size to fit the wrist and strongly resembling an ordinary strap shawl in appearance, with punched holes and a buckle, has stitched to its back a small watch, the face whereof is covered with heavy rock crystal. The leather is strapped around the wrist, the watch towards the back, and its open face may be referred to at any time while driving literally by a "turn of the wrist."

[From a New York Letter.]
It is the thing now for a girl to carry a small

puff-box with her of solid gold just an inch and a

Catarrhal Dangers.

lown; to breathe freely, sleep soundly and undisturbed to rise refreshed, head clear, brain active and free from pain or ache; to know that no poisonous, putrid matter defiles the breath and rots away the delicate machinery of smell, taste and hearing; to feel | that the system down not, through its veins and arteries, suck up the poison that is sure to undermine Land destroy, is indeed a bless ing beyond all other human enjoyments. To purchase mmunity from such a fate should be the object of all

Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loather

the RADICAL CURE, one box of CATARREAL SOLVERY and one IMPROVED INHALER, all wrapped in one pack-age, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.



ing his visitor.

And you have been ill—very ill! You are sadly altered! But we will have you all right again, for I bring you the best of news!"

'I fe you have good news let me have it!"

The lawyer's eyes had wandered anxiously

Elwood had risen to his feet to hear the joyful tidings.

"Ada, my child!" he called, loudly.

The young girl came from the inner room. Her timidity was lost in tearful joy and thankfulness as she came forward to welcome the friend who had served them so faithfully.

"It is a Christmas present," cried her father, "from Henry Ashmead, who has gained our cause. You have our heartfelt gratitude, my dear sir, and when I have my own again I shall be able to offer substantial proof of it."

"I ask a proof now," returned the young

own again I shall be able to offer substantial proof of it."

"I ask a proof now," returned the young advocate. "I am going to claim from you the best part of your possessions."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed the old man, manifestly startled.

"I am a suitor for this fair hand!" cried. Ashmead, seizing that of the young girl, who stood in blushing confusion. "Ada, you cannot but have seen that I love you. I hoped to have told you long since; but I thought you would have put me on probation, knowing so little of me. Wen your misfortunes came I was away, and since I returned, what with the business of getting the appeal before the court and other work. I had no time to look for you. Now, you shall not again give me the slip."

The father did not withhold his consent, and Ada was soon induced to give hers. They had a merry party that Christmas Eva—the eve that had begun in sadness, almost in despair.

Within a month Elwood was settled upon his farm again and well enough to commence appearations for his spring crops. The wed-

more quickly than usual.

Ada had left the room when the visitor entered.

"I have found you at last!" exclaimed a fine-looking young man, handsomely dressed, as he grasped both the invalid's hands with eager pleasure. "I have had such a search for you! You gave me no address to your letter."

"I did not think of your coming to such a poor place, Mr. Ashmead," replied Elwood,

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"I HAVE FOUND YOU AT LAST." "What do you want the money so bad for?" growled the man, glancing at a pile of it upon his desk.

To buy food—to pay rent," said the girl, half sobbing.

The man opened the parcel she had

not have the money. You must leave them to be examined."

"If you would give me a little, sir," she pleaded, "I should be so much obliged. Tomorrow the shops will be closed, and I must get supplied to night."

The man jerked the shirts towards him.
"So you call this work!" he exclaimed, savagely. "'Tisn't fit for a dog to wear! D'ye s'pose I'm going to pay you for this botching? Take it home again, unstitch it, and sew it all over again. Don't come bothering me till it is done, and think yourself lucky if I don't make you pay for spoiling the stuff!"

He pushed the work towards her and turned away. She saw that nothing was to be had from him, and with a swelling heart went out and took her way homeward. On

the way she stopped at the station post-office. the way she stopped at the station post-office, but found nothing.

Entering the house, she went to the front room on the ground floor. The woman who received the rents of the rooms above, calling herself the landlady, lived there. It was the poor girl's last hope to obtain some indulgence from her.

The woman motioned to a chair for her visitress. She had placed her own supper on the table, but did not invite her to partake of it.

of it.
"I hope you have come to pay me the rent,"
she said, with wolfish eyes, fixed on the fair
girl's pale face. "You owe me for two weeks
to night."

I know it, Mrs. Corbett, and I bope to pay it all next week. I expect some better work

it all next week. I expect some better work then."

"Expect! Can you pay me nothing now?"

"I have not a penny!" said the girl, in a suffocated voice. "My last work did not please Mr. Jenks, and he refused to pay me. I came to ask you for a loan"—

"A loan! What impudence!"

"Oh. Mrs. Corbett, my father has been so ill! I have nothing for him to eat to-night and to-morrow—and the children"—

"You expect me to feed them—roast turkey and plum-pudding, I suppose?"

"No: I shall be thankful for a loaf of bread. I can certainly pay you for that the day after to-morrow."

Her eyes wandered involuntarily to the table, where the rolls and butter, chicken, ham and tea looked very tempting.

"I have nothing to give you for nothing," said the woman. "But I give you warning that one week more is all that can be allowed, and if the rent is not paid up then you will

Pose?"

The girl had already turned away in de-

The girl had already turned away in despair; but the last rude inquiry put her in mind of something. She pulled a marrow ribbon, worn round her neck, and produced a small gold locket of fine workmanship.

"Look here," she said, running back to the landlady; "this locket has my mother's hair in it. I cannot part with it, but I will leave it in pledge if you will keep it carefully; and next week I will bring you the money and take it back."

Mrs. Corbett examined the jewel. It was of pure gold, set round with small pearls. She judged it worth two guineus (speaking in English money).

in English money).
"Your mother is dead?" she inquired.
"She died when little Mary was born."
"And you father lost his property in

and if the rent is not paid up then you will be turned out. You have sold all the fine things you brought here with you, I sup-

lawsuit. Well, child, I see you mean honestly. I will keep this locket and let you have some provisions. You can have the jewel again when you pay me."

A small basket was presently filled and Ada carried it up to the attic. She said nothing to her father of her failure about her work,

carried it up to the attic. She said nothing to her father of her failure about her work, but laid out the supper-table and prepared tea for the invalid. It was her only joy to see him eat with relish.

She undressed the children and put them to bed after supper, then sat down to mend some clothing by the light of a single tallow candle. Her father reclined on the couch by the stove, and talked of what he would do when he should be able to work for the support of his family. "I am not above laboring with my hands," he said, spreading out his own, almost transparent; "and with health I can do almost anything. We will live in the country."

"Oh, if we could!" sighed the daughter.

"You can teach at the district school and mind the children and the chickens. I will work and bring home the wages!" went on the hopeful man. He knew that in America, with the blessing of health, any willing laborer could maintain his family.

Ada's thoughts were busy weaving plans; she knew how hard the reality was for a woman. There was a sound of footsteps ascending the stairs. The door was pushed open without knocking, and Mrs. Corbett presented herself. "Some one to see you, sir," she said, addressing Mr. Elwood. "He would not come up unless you desire it. Will you come down to the door?"

Her very civil and subdued manner disclosed the fact that she had been well paid to

Her very civil and subdued manner dis-losed the fact that she had been well paid to

"Who is it?" asked the invalid. "Did he give you his name?"
The woman held out a card. Mr. Elwood took it, read the name and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

clamation of surprise.
"You may show him up," he said.
"Father, you forget!" interposed Ada.
She feared that Mrs. Corbett would be angry at being spoken to thus like a servant.
But the woman went out and downstairs

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trembling with the pleasant surprise of sea

The lawyer's eyes had wandered anxiously round the room.
"Your news? Ada can hear it?" repeated Elwood, motioning towards the next room.
"Your suit is successful. The judgment has been reversed and the property is yours again. I came to prepare the papers for an ejectment."

Elwood had risen to his feet to hear the judgment idinus.

ADA'S NEEDLEWORK.



N the top floor of a poor lodging-house in this city a young girl was seated at her work -the making of coarse, blue-check shirts The room was small but well aired. A com-

seen a narrow bed, a straw mattress, covered with a blue and white woollen coverlet. Two small children were at play under one of the windows. One, a boy, was shooting marbles; the other was dressing a rag The door of another chamber opened, and

a man about sixty years of age came in. He
was extremely feeble in appearance, and
walked with difficulty, supporting himself by
a stick; his face was pale, and his eyes were
glassy and watery. But his hair was neatly glassy and watery. But his hair was neatly brushed, and his clothes, though worn and darned, were scrupulously clean. The same neatness prevailed in the entire aspect of the

heatness prevailed in the entire aspect of the room.

As he came in the young girl sprang up, drew the couch near the stove, and assisted the feeble old man to a seat upon it. Then she inquired how he found himself.

"Better and better, Ada, dear," he replied.

"My long and wasting illness has shaken me sorely; but, you see, I am learning to walk like other folks. To-morrow I mean to so out." cout."
"Father, dear, you must not tax your

quite well-which I shall be by spring-we may go to live at the farm."

Ada looked in his face, alarmed. Was his delirium coming back?

"Did I not tell you, my daughter, we had applied for a reversion of the judgment in the Supreme Court?"

"Oh, father, if you could but forget all that." that.

in that land. It is but a small property now, but it will be worth more when the railroad is finished, for the station will be on my

but well aired. A common deal table, half covered with crockery and tin plates and basins, three wooden chairs, a long bench, a strip of carpet in front of the stove, a blue-mould couch and two or three low stools completed the furniture. The broken window-panes were patched with paper. In a room adjoining the door of which stood open, could be the door of which stood open, could be the covered with crockery and got it by a lawsuit. I had no more to defend the cause. Yes, he got the land and we were made beggars."

"Not beggars, father dear; thank heaven, we have never been that."

"Thank heaven and your own hard work, my child!" faltered the father, with trem bling lips. "In my long sickness, everything you possess had to go for what I needed, and your toil kept the children from starving. I know it all! But do not think I have been idle altogether."

"Father!"

"I could not work, but I could "talk : and I got our good doctor to write to Mr. Ash-

the girl. And, dropping her work, she burst into passionate tears.

"Hush, Ada, you must not give way. I sent to Mr. Ashmead as a lawyer. I shall pay him for his services. I instructed him to appeal against the judgment that took my land from me. He promised that he would."

"You have heard from him?" asked Ada, startled.

"I have received two letters. It is time I should hear again. The letters were directed to Station 19. When you go out, dear, I wish you would go and ask if any more have come." strength."
"I shall gain strength faster, Ada, when I "I shall gain strength faster, Ada, when I am father's sanguine ideas. She felt that they

were hopelessly ruined, and that her father and the children depended on her ill-paid toil. Yet his words had stirred a deep fountain in her soul. Once—only once—she had dreamed of love; she had no thought of blame for him who had been the idol of that dream; he had never told her she was anything to him; he was ardent in the pursuit of success in his profession, and his visits to her father's house had been few and occasional. He was very handsome, very gentlemanly and very clever. Often had she taken herself to task for thinking of him, and now, in their bitter humiliation, she wished only to escape his knowledge. She would have hid herself from his eyes—from the eyes of all who had known her in better fortunes.

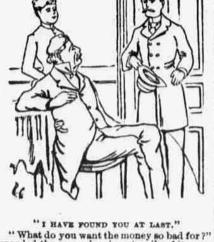
Folding her work and laying it aside, Ada spread her coarse linen cloth on the table and set out the scanty meal. She poured out some milk into mugs for the children and made a cup of strong tea for her father. This she handed him, with a piece of crisp toast.

"Ab, the time was when we had a pice." were hopelessly ruined, and that her father I cannot forget, Ada, that I have a right

'Imidly the poor girl pleaded her great want of money.

'Money—always money!" anapped the coarse ruffian. "That's always the cry, They spend the money in fine clothes and come wailing here for more."

He might have seen that poor Ada had not spent hers in dress. Faded, worn and all too thin was hers; she had only a shawl for protection against the cold.



brought.
"What's this? A dozen shirts! The work has to be examined first, my girl. You cannot have the money. You must leave them